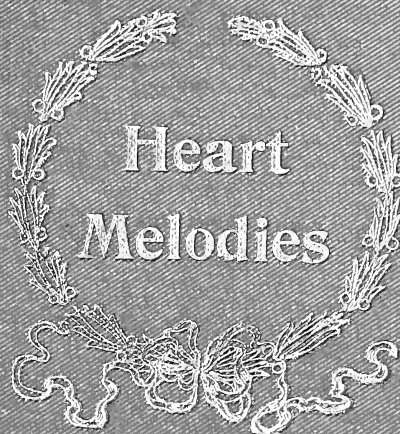


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HEART MELODIES

BY
THOMAS SLOSS TURNER



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BUFFALO
THE PETER PAUL BOOK COMPANY
1895

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HEART MELODIES.

MY TWO LOVES.

I LOVE two women. Both are good and kind,
And one is tenderer than the infant dawn,
Full of wise counsels, loving as a fawn,
And lover-like, to all my follies blind.

The other, like a tender blooming rose
Shaking its virgin sweets upon the air,
Shakes in my heart love's odors and doth bear
Love's sweetest pleasures as she goes.

I love them fondly—unto both I'm true—
Nay blame me not, nor deem me free of speech!
For I am loyal still and just to each!—
One is my mother, and one, Sweet, is you!

THE SEA-SHELL.

I HELD a sea-shell to mine ear and heard
A faint low murmur from Bahama's coast—
I saw rare shells o'er golden sand-drifts tossed,
And flowery odors inland breezes stirred!

I saw sweet life upon her sunny shore,
And Love and Pleasure roaming hand in hand,
And seeing deemed how blest must be that land
Whose joys such charmers happily explore.

And ever doth the home-sick shell sing on,
Its deathless adoration of the past;
Its native waters and its pleasures vast,
In love's unvarying tender monotone.

I held unto my heart a thought of thee
And heard life's sweetest pleasures flow along
In re-echoing music of divinest song
With growing pleasure sweet as sweet can be!

And ever like the shell my heart sings on,
The same sweet song of love forever true!
Always delightful, and always of you,
Is the full current of its tender tone!

* * * * *

SHE smiled upon my life one day,
Then disappeared alas, for aye,

And carried with her where she went
The sunshine and my heart's content.

Once knowing her I dared to love,
Yet suffered not my lips to move
In speech, lest she might deem that I
Presumed o'er much and pass me by.

For she was all of excellence—
High-born, noble and of rare sense—
And pure as a delicate flower,
That lovingly graceth its bower.

Her speech was musical; her eyes
Were soft as the raven that lies
On the ebon fringe of night;
An inspiration and delight

Her presence was, and I felt
Awed when near her, and my soul knelt
And worshipped at her heavenly shrine,
Yet dared not hope she could be mine.

So I to her was scarce a thought
In passing: barely seen—forgot—
As was just: for had she but known
My heart's presumption, it might have thrown

A shadow o'er her sunny way—
I could not mar her perfect day!
But in my heart I'll worship her
And in my song as if they were

Herself. Then, haply, some kind day
She'll hear my song and gently say:

"Here is a dream of worthy love,
Worthy the noblest heart to move.

"Fortunate one, who'er she be,
That wakens such idolatry,
And triumphs over dross and pelf! "—
And never dream it was herself!

FATE.

ONE heart must ache and the other rejoice:

It is so the wide world over:

You shall marry the one of your choice,

But I must be a sad rover.

You shall bask in pleasure I know,

And your life be blest and merry:

And I down the valley of pain must go,

With a laden heart and weary.

Why? 'Tis a mystery strange unto man,

And we can only discover,

It has been so since the world began,

It must be so till it's over.

Then sweet will be that rest in the end

That follows life's fitful fever,

When I shall fold my tired hands, dear friend,

In that perfect sleep forever!

A FANCY.

I HEARD a fancy winging
Musicing through my brain,
It set her chambers ringing
With joy, like a refrain
Of triumph, splendor, gladness,
Dispelling all of sadness.

Rare breezes from quaint Aiden
Blew over my fainting soul
With sweets and pleasures laden,
Like thoughts of some loved goal:
Sad as song of houri choirs
Telling of gratified desires.

It passed and left faint ringing,
Sound of winnowing wings:
Flute breathings soft, and singing,
As when the fairies sings:
On across the moonlit air,
It passed—alas! I know not where!

SONG.

THERE is sunshine for the flower,
And the flower for the bee,
And sweets to please the palate dear,
And love for you and me!

There is joy to please the heart, dear,
And hope to cheer it too,
And innocent delights, dear,
In love for me and you!

Oh! then as life flows on, dear heart,
To mingle with the sea,
Oh! may it more and more abound
In love for you and me!

THE HONEST MAN.

HE lived a life of love. He gave his thought
To deeds of friendship and kind words for all:
He poured out balm where other men poured

gall,
And for all pains his peace was dearly bought.

He spoke the honest word and did its deed
By friend or foe,—his love, country and all—
Honest for honor's sake! and lo! they call
Him schemer after some beggarly greed!

He often sacrificed himself for friends
Who in requital left him to his fate
When want and care were campers at his gate;
And prosperous hypocrites built up their ends.

The world passed by him with a winking eye;
And neighbor went on robbing neighbor still,
And, justifying, thought he did no ill,
And so—poor man!—what could he do but die?

LIFE.

WHAT is life worth if it ends at the grave?

Where oh! existence the charm thou wouldst
give?

Must we vanish as shadows fugitive?

Do we dream of life and evermore crave

Its haunting illusions as a poor slave

Dreams of the freedom he can not contrive?

Did fate bear us up but a moment to live,
From the Deep, to engulf us in Lethe's wave?

What mockery gave us to being and life

If our joy, our love, our hope, our work are all
vain,

If death severs friends to meet not again?

So! Life's a tumult of meaningless strife,

And man is the sport of a heartless imp Chance,
That buffets him cruelly through the Expanse!

THE VISION.

ONCE I awoke from a deep sleep at night.
Within the room and on the starlit air
A terrifying silence gloomed. I felt
The presence of mysterious beings near:
A terror as of death seized on my soul.
Suddenly, a voice that was not a voice,
But yet I heard it all the same, low spake:
"Whence?" Bolt I sat in bed, trembling.

By some mysterious agency the past
Like a lightning flash before me gleamed far
As memory's magic rush could bear me.
All beyond that stretched a world of darkness
Out of which flowed life. Naught therein was
seen.

Suddenly that voice that was not a voice,
But yet I heard it all the same, low breathed:
"Whither?" And down the yet to be there
flashed

Another world of darkness like the first,
And yet unlike, for life went down therein
And came not up again. Voiceless! All dark!
Life seemed to be midway between the two:
Darkness before, behind and overhead!
In utter wretchedness I cried aloud,
"Let there be light! I suffocate with darkness!"
Suddenly that voice that was not a voice,

But yet I heard it all the same, returned:
“ Seek not with puny mortal mind to wrest
From Nature her all-silent mysteries.
Since Time’s first heart-throbs, long ago! till now,
No merely human thought has forced the lock
Of her most jealous guarded secrets. Thou,
What merit more hast thou than all that came
Endowed with wisdom, love, power, before thee:
Whose works the nations’ destinies oft shaped,
That, thou, obscure, should be the favored one
To pry the door and stand to face with God?
Can man look on His face and live? Forbear!
Resume thy work, and as the little child
Implicit faith doth to its parent give,
And fondly trusteth where it can not know,
Do thou the all-kind mother Nature, trust;
Then shall thy rest, long gone, return to thee,
And joys unknown since childhood, charm again.
This know: the All-Wise Force that made the
 worlds,
And strung them out through space with care so
 fine
That should one swerve from its allotted course
Ever so little, the fairest orb removed
Would instant feel the sympathetic shock—
No lesser love to man his creature, pays.”

WISDOM.

ONE morn when I was fresh and strong
And health and vigor caused my blood to glow,
I felt the earnest of renown and said,
As I beheld the great and wise of earth:
Lo! these by their own might and purpose strong,
Have won their fame and lasting praise of men;
Likewise shall I my destiny hew out,
And rank among the great and wise of earth!
But Wisdom, mocking from her temple said:
Thou fool! Thou puny dwarfling of the dust!
How canst thou, save as I make my gift with thee!

UNUTTERED THOUGHTS.

OFt in my rambles in the fruitful fields
And by the crystal silver gliding streams,
Where the blue sky arched above and the air
Was musical with sound of bird and bee,
And redolent with flowers and ripening fruit,
I have heard the song of thought unutterable,
And my soul burned as from a touch divine!
But when I strove to utter them in song
And voice their music in heart and brain,
That men might hear and emulate, and love
Their music,—e'en as the poor scissor-tail
That flirts and chirps and circles in the air,
So full of happiness it can not sing,
So I, though my heart glows with the song,
Can only chirp, and then my lips are dumb!
And when sometimes perchance I sing a song
The song I utter never does portray
The image painted on the heart and brain.

AT THE TOMB OF IYEYASU.

CHRISTIANITY's great enemy lies here,
Yet the libation he poured on the shrine
Of Buddah of christian blood like rare wine,
Stamping him patriot, devotee austere,
And rendering him to Buddah's faith full dear,
Though poured with all the zeal faith could design,
Hath lost its virtue—Crumbling is the shrine!
The hated iconoclast again is here!
He leans upon the railing of this tomb
And freely talks of him who slumbers here,
Whose name was once a transitory fear
And darkened every christian's heart with gloom.
He here cons o'er the consolation sweet,
How His enemies are dust beneath his feet.

A MAN OF FAME.

ONCE I heard the voice of Fame
In dreams at night,
And with its sound there came
A mournful sight.

A warrior rode through the world
Through pools of blood:
Naught at which his force was hurled
The shock withstood.

City and hamlet and town
And fruitful field,
When his force came thundering down
Did smoking yield.

And widow and orphan cries
Arose behind:
Their bitter dole filled earth, skies,
And every wind.

At last he grew tired of blood,
And threw away
The sabre. And then he stood
All undismayed

A bold tyrant in the halls
Of that sad land,
There stifling ever the calls
Of patriot band

For equal laws, just and wise,
He trod the poor
Beneath his feet and their cries
Rose evermore.

Ah! that man of blood and flame
Loved to hear
Cries of woe. They music came
Unto his ear.

The people looked on that man,
That man of shame!
Shouting from rear to van—
Behold his fame!

SONG.

LOVE laughing came with smiles
To win my heart one day,
And oh, he was so charming,
I could not tell him nay.
But when the sun grew hot, dear,
And scorched the flowery plain,
The cruel Sweet turned truant,
And would not charm again.

Love pensive came with tears
To win my heart one day,
And oh, he was so pitiful,
I could not tell him nay,
And when day's burdens fell
Full wearily on me,
He said Sweetheart you sheltered me,
And aye I'll bide with thee!

THE RUSTIC TO THE BELLE.

LADY, in thy silks so fair,
With thy wealth of glossy hair,
With such eyes of thrilling glance
As we read of in romance,
With most happy ways and neat,
In accomplishments complete,
Skilled in arts and hearts full well—
People call thee matchless belle!

I've observed thee, charming one,
In the social circle reign
With thy train of doting beaux,
With smiles for these and frowns for those,
Till each trusting youth would swear,
Thou for him alone didst care,
Unknowing thou but desired,
By a crowd to be admired.

Lady! Once you smiled on me!
Was it heavenly ecstasy
Coursed such pleasance through my veins,
Waking hope as summer rains
Give fresh life to budding flowers,
Till the charmed air in all bowers
Grows rich with bloom and rare perfume,
And whispering winds tell Love is come!

The full moon was in her glory,
Like the glow of Grecian story

Was the light shed around.
Ah, we walk on hallowed ground,
Musing, pensively, you said,
Where each flower that we tread,
Sweet in dying shall not be
As this sacred hour to me!

The moon was scarce in her wane
When I saw you there again,
Walking, talking, smiling sweet,
Jolly as the hours were fleet!
Wooing, cooing, saying things
Sweet as glancing angel wings
And the words you uttered there—
Were they thistle-down my dear?

Whom, Sweet, was it with you there?
Let the stars their light forbear!
Let the wind be hushed as death!
Lest some wandering truant breath
When you answer catch the sound,
Bear it off and Echo round,
Mocking laugh, how lightly, too!
Alas! dear, it wasn't you!

I confess I can not see
How a lady fair, can be
Loving all the boys around
Always too, on hallowed ground!
But perhaps it is that style,
Makes it right by charm of wile,
Hosts of lovers to entice,
And is deemed exceeding nice.

But, fair lady pardon me!
I prefer as yet to be,
True to nature, true to all,
With no closet and no pall,
Sore in secret to bewail
Outraged conscience's fierce assail!
I prefer as in my youth,
Still to bide with simple truth.

So, fair lady, charming belle,
Loving beauty, fare thee well!
Still in pleasure's ring glide on
Winning hearts but loving none!
Though beauty's flowers may decay,
And thy lovers turn away!—
Yet, as fortresses do stand,
Ruin-scarred in every land,

Round whose walls batallions broke,
Slaying hundreds with the stroke,
Mayest thou stand in loves foreground,
With thy victims strewn around!
And each hapless victim be,
Pleasant memory to thee!
Yes, fair lady, charming belle!
Loving beauty, fare thee well!

THE MODERN FLIRT.

SHE sits at church among the saints
With modest grace and pensive face,
Too seeming pure for earthly taints!
And while the preacher talks of heaven
Her thoughts are in Elysian fields,
Too pure for earth, and only given
To raptures, such as heaven yields!
Too pure by far for scheming guile
To lurk behind her gentle smile.

And yet beneath her lids down-cast,
A timid glance peers o'er the crowd.
She rules like Diana, long past!
To whom Ephesian heroes bowed,
Who ruled her hosts by trusty steel,
Full as artless and as heartless,
For she doth neither care nor feel.
E'en truth herself, methinks would swear
Deception could not harbor there!

She does not dance for that is wrong!
Yet she'll play cards and call it nice,
And hearts is trumps! If you play long
Will yours be captured in a trice!
Church festivals are her delight,
And she will make a hero quite,
Of him whose purse strings she can take,

And on him beam o'er cake and cream,
And eat and eat for Jesus' sake.

Oh darling girl, how do you twirl
My heart between your fingers so!
You've eat my money up and now
For Jesus' sake leave me and go
And serve the next poor fool who'll bow
Obedient to your sweet desire!
Yes, smile on him and make him dream
That he to heaven may aspire—
If he will freely treat to cream!

Oh, modern flirt, you're very sweet,
And very fair and debonaire,
And fickle as the hours are fleet!
What matters it? You have your fun,
And freely flirt with every one.
Your name upon the church book too!
And when, life o'er, at heaven you wait,
'Twould not surprise me dear, if you
Should flirt with Peter at the gate!

THE RIDERS.

Oh! lady, dear lady! please don't ride so fast!
My horse trots so hard that my breath can not last!
But the lady laying the whip to her steed
Keeps recklessly on without giving him heed.

And they gallop through town, through valley and
plain,

Her lover to catch her keeps trying in vain,
Though he does his best as true lovers must,
The best he can do is to keep in her dust!

Her head is inclined about sixty degrees
And nothing on earth around her she sees.
She knows her lover is somewhere behind
And exults in her superior mind!

But at last her lover worn out and quite sore
Stops his horse and murmurs I'll follow no more!
If thus she would lead me, when married, through
life,
God knows I should never see aught of my wife!

All the people and young men laugh at the sight,
And high notioned ladies are filled with delight.
Quoth many a vain coxcomb I'll pay her my court!
A few are in earnest but more are for sport.

The lady hearing such a clatter behind
Peeps over her shoulder delighted to find

Herself pursued by ardent rivals a score,
And whips her steed on more fast than before.

The rivals jostle each other as they go
And many a gay quip on my lady bestow,
Till the few that began in earnest the chase,
Ride henceforth for the fun of the race.

They keep close enough as they dash o'er the plain
To make the lady more conceited and vain.
When she enters the wood at the close of the day
Her suitors tiring one by one drop away.

She rideth alone in a desolate wood
Where life decays in a vast solitude.
All alone, alone, ah! so lonely I trow!
And her spirit is broken, her pride is brought low.

Ah! She fain would pause and retrace her way.
The spell of fatality answers her nay!
Ride on Miss! Ride on! The wood is enchanted,
By remorseful thoughts and sad mem'ries haunted.

Who enters it never footsteps can retrace
Though more dismal it grows at each lonely pace.
You entered—you're fated here slow to decay!
Your beauty shall perish, your dark locks turn
gray!

You may constantly use cosmetics and paints,
Implore the assistance of angels and saints;
Keep rigged in the fashions, its freaks, whims and
wills—
Alas! 'Twill not ward off the predestined ills.

Your cheeks shall get hollow, your bright eye grow
dim,
Your neck shall get stringy and perish your vim!
Grim death will shudder when he stares in your
face,
And pity the dart that must finish your race.

Oh! lack-a-day, whimpered the maid,
When my beauty is gone and my charms decayed,
Oh, that I had heeded the first note of warning,
And waited for Johnny so true in the morning!

The wind caught the echo and gave to the vale,
It rung in the distance a despairing wail,
And the hill mocked the vale with words of warn-
ing
And waited for Johnny so true in the morning!

THE PRAIRIE PLAINS.

TALK not to me of cities fair,
Their splendid pomp and brilliant glare,
Their princely homes where wealth and pride,
In royal dignity preside.
Where fashions and where arts combine
The laws of nature to confine—
But, oh! my friend, reserve for me,
The rolling prairie fresh and free!

There nature in her simple guise,—
The queenliest queen beneath the skies!—
Doth reign and from her lavish hand,
Scatters rare beauties o'er the land.
There man's exempt from hated forms,
And dwells, unawed by social harms:
There life is love and love is free,
And that is oh! the life for me!

There virtue in its pride appears,
There happiness grows with the years,
There noble men of solid worth,
Who rule the world are given birth,
And there religion purest shines,
There honor from its sacred mines
Revealed we do surprised behold,
In breast oft-times of rudest mold.

The farmer boy—how proud is he!
And as the air of heaven free,

Sings at his task and works away—
A very king of men I say!—
What means that soft light in his eye?
You know my friend as well as I.
Why should you ask when you may guess
He's thinking of his darling Bess!

I was a farmer too one time,
Ere I fell to the sin of rhyme!
Or turned me from that happy life,
To scenes of constant care and strife
Ere the fierce passions through my veins,
Uncontrollable held the reins.
Gentle peace o'er my heart had sway—
Would to God that it had to-day!

There I tasted the cup of love,
Sweet as the nectar from above!
And its delight through all my soul,
Leaped with rapture spurning control!
The joys of heaven and earth, divine!
In that moment of bliss were mine,
And she I loved was none the less
Than the girl of my heart, sweet Bess!

Short and sweet was the happy dream!
'Twas dulled by the wild gleam
Ambition shed from the lamp of fame!
I left her when the longing came!
My soul grew restless, feverish then!
I hid me in the lore of men,—
Delving deep in their mystic lore,
Conning the wealth of ages o'er.

But fame proved not the thing I sought,
Sad, neglected, unknown I wrought,
While the world pursued its custom'd course,
I spent in vain my noblest force.
But ne'er in all the dream of fame,
The fond delight, the rapture came
The vain delusive dream to prove—
Like the true bliss of Bessie's love!

Let me not think these things of pain,
They are past, so let them remain.
What that I did throw bliss away
Unthinking grief in her stead would stay?
What's done is done! So let it be,
But no complaint shall fall from me.
The life I chose, though full of care,
I shall have courage yet to bear.

Still sometimes to the mind will rise,
Spite of effort old boyish ties,
And I dream I am free again,
Riding o'er the prairie plains
Unscathed by sorrow, unseared by sin,
And Bessie's love returns again!
That indeed were the life for me,
Out on the prairie wide and free!

WHY THUS LONGING?

MOTHER, you ask why thus longing
For the far off, untried, dim;
I answer, my bosom heaving
Under the important theme!

Mother! I admit your words are true:
That indeed it would be wise
Home to dwell content with loved ones,
Under these, my native skies!

Here where fruitful fields surround me,
Woody by our delicious airs;
Charmed by love and birds and flowers;
Independent, free of cares!

I have studied long the problem;
Oft have thought of what you say;
And my heart how strong inclined
In this lovely vale to stay!

But the haunting thoughts of glory
Dwell forever in my dreams,
As I ponder on the mountains,
As I wander by the streams.

And I see a world of splendor
Bending faithful to my will,
Where the oppressed are lifted up,
And the strife of hate grows still.

Oh! 'tis glorious to be glorious,
When in honor's cause your fight!
And I know that I must triumph,
For my heart's desires are right.

And every stride to eminence,
Though hearts ache and pain,
Is one more stab at ignorance,
And another error slain.

Down the track of centuries past,
Since the dawn of time and man,
There have been some men predestined
In the march to lead the van.

And though much they were desirous
With the loved at home to dwell,
They were urged by mystic promptings
That no human art could quell.

There were sages, there were statesmen,
There were patriots for the fight,
There were heroes and reformers,
Always to defend the right.

And aye the right through slow degrees
Upwards still must forge its way,
Till the cause of Love triumphing,
Ushers the Millennial Day.

So I but go to do the work
My destiny did ordain,
Mid ordered honors. Every honor,
Mother, is some people's gain!

Now farewell, for I must leave you!
Upward lies the path for me!
And thine eyes shall lose me, Mother,
But my heart is aye with thee!

And when honors do come to me,
Mother, shall your love be heard,
Not to self but to my country
Shall those honors be conferred!

THE POET AND THE SPINNING-
WHEEL.

A POET sat at a spinning-wheel
Spinning with might and main,
And every fancy that entered his brain
He spun it out again.

He spun huge epics, ponderous odes,
And lyrics without measure,
Rondeaus, sonnets, and millions of quatrains,
All at his royal pleasure.

The people that passed by stopped and stared
As round the wheel kept going,
And often came the question unsolved,
What the deuce can he be doing?

The wags that passed by wagged their heads
And looked knowingly wise,
Nudged each other and winked their eyes—
And the sun winked down from the skies!

But the poet spun so busily
He heard not what they said,
But day by day kept spinning away
Till death cut off his thread.

Then the sun for sorrow veiled his face,
The wags were heard to sob;
For, alas! the day they took him away
The wags were out of a job.

FANNY.

SHE smiles when passing me
A smile all gracious, kind;
A smile so frank and free
It left its glow behind!

And in the long dark days
That came when she was gone,
Within my heart always
Its tenderness shone on!

THE BLISS OF BLISS.

WHAT is this within my heart
Like music singing?
Oh, what joy it doth impart
Through my soul ringing!
Like Lucadian breezes stealing
Through my pulses, o'er my brain!
Every nerve of thought and feeling
Thrills with the delicious strain!

Heaven and earth together blend
In divinest glory
When some one doth o'er me bend
Whispering low a story
Sweet as angel adoration
Sung to harp attuned divine,
And the joy of all creation
And the bliss of bliss is mine!

SONGS IN MY HEART.

THERE are songs in my heart when I am with thee,
And the charm of thy presence is sweet unto me!
Like a vision of pleasures and magnolia groves,
And fancies in gardens and garlands of loves!

There is sunshine and pleasure wherever thou art,
For a springtime buoyancy freshens thy heart,
Which starts joys around thee wherever it goes
As pure as a lily and sweet as a rose.

Then blest be thy life, my heart's dearest friend!
And like a June sunset, all blissful its end!
With cohorts of angels all musicing by
To bear thee on roses to thy home on high!

CRIME.

THIS truth, attested by all time,
Still true is found;
As long as people wink at crime,
Crime will abound.

DAISY.

HAVE you seen her, petite Daisy?
The people say she is crazy!
Ever she wanders through the streets
Asking of the folk she meets:
Have you seen my Georgie, pray?
Have you seen him not, to-day?
He is tall and fine and fair,
With soft blue eyes, dark brown hair.
Oh! he's fled, I know not where!
Ever he eludes my sight,
Though I seek him day and night.

When I met him I was free,
When he spoke sweet Ecstasy
Glowed beside me mirthful, smiling,
All my soul to love beguiling,
Kissed me fondly on the cheek
So fervently I could not speak,
And with false insidious smiling
Strait my soul to love beguiling.
Vainly to hide the tell-tale blushes
I strove! Naught could check their rushes!

Ah, I love him, God above,
With a soul-absorbing love!
And I asked no other bliss
Than to dwell upon his kiss,

Or enfolded in his arms
Dream more than Elysia's charms!

Oh! my soul, what voiceless grace
'Twas there, gazing in his face,
Which to me was heavenly clime,
Fairy world or angel rhyme!
Why blame, if I did forget
Love might turn to dark regret?
And my life so happy then
Be soiled by sorrow, scathed with sin?

As the butterfly reposes
In the heart of fragrant roses
Sipping sweets and sweetly dreaming,
So my soul to his was streaming
As I lay in his embrace,
Gazing mutely in his face—
Sweet the pleasure, lulled to sleep,
As dreams where angel faces peep
Laughing from the flowers
Of charmed Oriental bowers!

Long I slept, but, cruel one!
When I woke I found him gone,
All around me, lonely, fell
The chill night of sorrow's spell;
Dire presentiment o'er my mind
Cast a shadow undefined.
A pained sickness at my heart
Numbed me—Oh, the cruel smart!

Pensive, Nature seemed to mourn
As I wandered forth forlorn

Asking, every one that day,
Tell me where is Georgie, pray?

But they looked at me so strange,
And no speech did they exchange,—
Or with jest and insult rude
As if I were sin imbrued,
Derided and drove me on
Searching for dear George alone!

Often I have seen him near—
Stretched my arms—He was not there.
So a torper o'er my soul,
A fierce heartache slowly stole.

Feebly now I wander on
A poor friendless outcast grown,
And a by-word on the street,
Where each person that I meet
Tells his neighbor:

That is Daisy!
Wandering ever! She is crazy!
But kind sir, it is not so!
I have told you. Now you know!

This to all she meets says Daisy,
Wandering ever! She is crazy!
Poor over-credulous maid!
Was thy virgin trust betrayed
By a beast in human form
Who his honor pledged to thee
With well feigned sincerity,
To protect thee from all harm.

When the storm broke o'er thy head,
How the false deceiver fled!

Heed the warning maidens all!
Trust no speech however fair,
That entices to a fall.
Tender speech is oft the snare
Laid by tempters, so beware!

HOW NICE IT WOULD BE!

How nice it would be to live in a world
Where obstacles never dismay,
Where man untrammelled by fate or intrigue
Could have everything his own way!

From the moment he is ushered to life,
From the dateless, mystic, Unknown,
Till he sighs his last in the ear of death,
He's environed with strife and moan.

Here hate and envy and malice beleague
Like Erebus hounds at his heels;
And pain, disappointment, insolvable woe,
Each act of life's drama reveals.

The few gleams of happiness fringing out,
Like flowers 'mid Sierrean crags,
Lose their charm in fearful chasms below,
Full of dangerous rocks and snags.

Then oh! for a land where joy reigns supreme,
And love crowns with roses the day!
Where all things dance to the tune of one's wish,
And all things, how nice! are his way!

FAITH.

HAVE faith and it shall be
A splendid mine to thee.
From many a woe of air
Twill shield and needless care.
Seek not with human mind
To force the Undefined.
Its secrets are its own,—
Wisely leave them alone,
Lest with the rack and strain
Thou crack thy little brain!

THE DEAD.

I.

FOR them the toils and cares of life are o'er,
And rest eternal is their portion now.
The sounds of joy and revelry no more
Shall greet them; nor friend's voice nor lover's
vow.
How quiet they sleep in the gloomy vaults,
Nor heed man's strides nor nature's constant
change!
Tempests may rock the earth and Time's assaults
Beat down the walls of nations! Calm, still,
strange,
They through mightiest revolutions sleep,
In rest unbroken, mystical and deep!

II.

The roses bloom above their resting place,
And the marble slabs stand here and there pale
Like monitors on guard to warn the race
That mortality must come within the vail,
And sleep at length unheeding anything.
Ambition, pride and hope must come as well.—
The mocking-bird above the dead doth sing
Most exquisite harmonies, as if some spell
Of fascination or of rare delight
Had centered there and made its spirit bright.

III.

Yet, men will go with solemn faces there,
Pity the dead and mourn their hapless lot!
Wrong! Wrong! All wrong! Far better the dead
fare
Than the living. They sleep but not forgot.
A guardian angel by each grave doth stand,
And though the wars of Time the tomb may raze
Till man but deems their dust as common land
Yet never from that spot the angel strays
Till sounds the Matin call. Then bursting the sod
He leads the sleeper to its maker, God.

RUINS.

RUINS are signs of progress. In all lands
Wherever man has been, toiled, failed, amain
He rises, phoenix-like, renewed again,
From age to age grown wiser, heart and hand.

Year after year beholds some error cast
Aside, some victory for truth achieved!
Though it hath sorely priest and prelate grieved,
We outgrow superstitions of the past.

There have been wars and awful carnage! Yea,
Sometimes so fierce hath grown the strife with
hate,
The world in doubt and darkness sate,
And longed and prayed, despairing, for the day.

So, looking back wherever man hath been,
Behold fragments of ruined progress there,
And by them know men strove to rise to where
A nobler civilization might be seen.

There is no failure! They that strive and fail,
Mere factors to the grand solution are!
The virtue of their efforts reaches far,
And raiseth humanity in the scale.

Then forward, fainting hearts! Methinks, afar,
Sweet friends, I see the hope of coming dawn!
Cheer up sweet hearts, mankind still marches on,
And aye shall mount from glorious star to star.

COURAGE.

NAV, murmur not at the incursions hate
Doth make upon the fair domain of love !
For though he conquers o'er the world elate,
And right seems not his forays to disprove

Have patience ! For right will turn on the light !
Hate buildeth fast but hasty buildings fall !
See ! Light evolveth slowly out of night,
And it is darkest ere the matin call !

The architect with laboring pains and slow,
Doth build a storm-defying pile,
While restless souls a mass together throw,
That the first storm will scatter and defile !

The shrewdest general of the tented fields
Strikes not without his battles clearly planned,
And if he somewhere sees a point to yield,
'Tis but a feint to hide the master-hand.

Then, wait sweethearts ! When hate is overthrown,
And wrong lies slain beneath avenging right,
Then love shall reign and all your woes condo ne
And all the world shall glory in her light !

OLD FRIENDS.

THERE is a treasure better far
Than that that wealth or power lends,
A simple dowry of the heart,
By fond affection styled old friends.
'Tis like the wine long stored away
In cellars blue with mould,
Whose worth and magic are unknown,
Perhaps, till years are told.

'Tis like a snatch of nursery song
Heard on some pensive summer night
(From crooning mother to her babe)
By one whose eyes have lost their light.
It thrills as thrills a thought divine ;
Yea, oft when life is gloom,
Its aroma revives the heart
Like some loved rare perfume.

Dear, when I look into thine eyes,
Where truth and constant friendship shine,
I feel whatever times arise,
Thou art my friend as I am thine.
I feel it by the faith of love
Stronger than love of life !
'Twill comfort me if sorrow comes,
'Twill nerve me through all strife !

Lives there a man so poor of heart,
So thoughtless, vile, or reprobate,
Could view his old true friends unmoved
When stranded on the shoals of fate?
Can poverty so drag them down?
Can foul-mouthed slander stain?
Till he would not with steadfast love,
Remember them amain?

Or can a man ascend so high,
In princely state or pleasing fame,
That he can once forget old friends,
Nor sun his heart in the old flame?
The man that can forget old friends,
If such a man there be,
Or he who can forsake old friends,
Is not then man for me !

THE LOST CAUSE ;

AS RELATED BY THE SOUTHERN VETERAN.

WHEN wild war lowered from the skies,
O'er Dixie land alarming,
I saw her patriot hosts arise,
And rush to speedy arming.
I saw them marshalled on the field,
In confidence relying,
For truth to error can not yield,
And justice is undying.

"Good-bye ! Good-bye !" they blithely cried,
All fear and danger scorning,
"We'll win the fight ere eventide,
And all be back by morning !"
Right gallantly they marched away,
With jocund bands a-playing,
And banners streaming out so gay,
Oh, there was no dismaying !

They met the foe in fearless fight
On many a field so gory,
They drove him oft in shameful plight,
And filled the south with glory !
The northern heart grew dark with fear,
And well nigh was despairing,
For every courier it could hear,
Told deeds of reckless daring !

Then strong was faith in Dixie land !
And patriot maidens cheering,
Girded their lovers in each band,
And speeded them unfearing.
The mother sent her darling son,
Her only stay relying,
And bade him were the fight not won,
To be among the dying !

The surging tide of war flowed on,
Down many a smiling valley,
With many a fearful sight and moan,
And many a glorious rally !
And in gaunt ruin followed fast,
A spectre strange, appalling !
Oft fortune wavered in her cast,
Now rising, and now falling !

Ah, who can cast the fate of war ?
The carnage seemed unending !
And up the gory fields afar
Crept the insistant foe contending,
With stubborn face, determined tread,
Death volley answered volley !
Were ere so many precious dead
Stretched on a field of folly ?

And where are those brave-hearted ones
All fear and danger scorning,
Who thought to win ere set of sun,
And be back home by morning ?

That could it find speech for its own,
Would add a name to glory !
Methinks there's many an unmarked stone
On every field so gory,

Though every ill-clad hungry band
New laurels won to-morrow,
Yet faith grew faint in Dixie land
In the long years of sorrow !
And many a maiden at her gate
Waited to meet her lover,
To find her heart grown desolate
When the cruel war was over !

And many a mother mourned her son,
And home all waste and barren,
And many a widow was undone,
And left to war's despairing.—
But add to these that heart-sick wail
At Richmond that sad morning,
That saw her glorious chieftain fail,
And rend the south with mourning.

I've never heard in all the world
Such a despairing sadness !
Ah, brave men when that flag was furled,
Lay prone and wept like madness !
Ah, when a glorious nation dies,
With all her laurels on her,
'Tis not so sad as when she lies
Charged falsely with dishonor !

She fought for freedom, though she failed !
And many a song and story,
Shall praise her heroes that ne'er quailed,
On all her fields so gory.
And future times shall roll around,
When justice shall be done,
And every foot of patriot ground,
Shall wear the wreath it won !

THE MODEL YOUNG MAN.

WHEN I began sparking as a very young man,

(Said I to myself—said I);

I'll spark on a new and original plan,

(Said I to myself—said I);

I shall neither call girls angelic nor sweet,

Nor deem them untainted by praise with conceit,

Nor surrender by heart unto any complete,

(Said I to myself—said I).

I'll never pull wool o'er a fair lady's eyes,

(Said I to myself—said I);

With tales of my wealth, nor delude her with lies,

(Said I to myself—said I);

I'll act on the square (though that's something unknown

In courtship !) nor ever a rival talk down

For girls are too wise to be left alone,

(Said I to myself said I).

I'll neither wear jewels, be dudish nor vain,

(Said I to myself—said I);

Nor wear shoes so tight they will rack me with pain,

(Said I to myself—said I);

For full early this truth experience gave,

Whether wise man or fool, upright or knave,

That there's no telling whom a woman will have,

(Said I to myself—said I).

IDYLS OF A SUMMER NIGHT..

I.

I SAW slowing through this one night
Two loving guileless digits,
They talked of love so steadily
It gave the stars the fidgets !

I saw them growing side to side,
All in the moonlight fair,
And I heard him tell in trembling tones
That all the world was there.

Alarmed, as her soulful eyes
Upturned to him so proud,
She lisped : " If that—is so—dear Will,
You—should not—talk so loud !"

II.

There had been no rain all summertime ;
Green fields were all decaying ;
But Will and his own all faithfully
Went forth in the moonlight straying.

He told his love in impassioned words
That won my delight and wonder,
She chirped like a bird that had won a prize :
" I'm so glad to hear it thunder !"

III.

“ My knight is gone ! My brave true knight ! ”

And she leaned her head on a column—

“ And is no doubt sweetly thinking of me ! ”—

And she mused with a look so solemn—

“ And what he will say when he comes again ! ”—

Alas ! sweet one for love’s follies !

For her true knight in the heart of the town

Was raiding the hot tomares !

IV.

“ Good-night,” he said “ my heart’s delight !

The night is growing weary !

And though I hate so much to go,

’Tis time I should my dearie !

Ah, listen ! Clear old chantileer

Shouts shrilly out his warning !

Good-night ! Good-night ! My heart’s delight ! ”

She so sleepily—“ *Good morning !* ”

“HE THAT STRIVES WITH MIGHT
AND MAIN.”

HE that strives with might and main,
That man does not live in vain.
He may fail to realize
From his labor any prize ;
He may oft a-hungered go—
Feeling that all life's a woe—
Disproportion everywhere—
All a burden—all a care—
All things being so averse,
Life may seem a very curse.
Yet, as in the darkest night
There is prophecy of light,
So in this man's sorry plight
There is earnest of the right—
Not a labor can be vain !
It will show itself amain !
Out of that which he has done
Others mount up one by one,
Stepping stones themselves the way
Onward to the perfect day !

SONG OF HOPE.

PRESS on through the darkness ! On to the light !
Though now bewildering and dark it is here,
The doubt that surrounds us shall yet disappear,
And Dawn will slay every vestige of Night !

Yea ! Morn shall come with a passion of song !
The Earth to meet her come forth as a bride !
And the children of men in the world glorified,
Sing the birth of love and the death of wrong !

A STUDENT'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.

I.

'Tis midnight. Weary from severe study
And with a strange disquietude at heart
I lay aside my books. The world is hushed
In solemn silence as of death itself.
No light but mine penetrates the darkness.
The sons of trade have closed their shops and now
In sleep dream of great bargains made or lost.
The night calm, clear, rules from her ebon throne.

By fits the faithful watch-dog's lonesome bark
Or drowsy cock in lazy notes replying
To sentinel salute of neighboring cock
Or cricket's dreamy chirp is heard.

The stars,
A silver twinkling from the dark deep skies—
Mute but eloquent intelligences!—
Custodians of dead and vanished things,
Silent wanderers of the boundless deep,
Ye blink, methinks, in mute reproof on me,
As ye would know why I do count the hours
So late, what benefit I hope to reap
By wearying the flesh with hard study.—

I thirst for knowledge, and intensely long
To hold her heavenly nectar to my lips!

I burn for fame, and fain would have my name
Enrolled among the great and wise of earth—
But what am I ?

The patient stars look down
As wondering at me, and could they speak,
As they would say : “How vain you wear away
Your life ! What little profit it will bring !
For this know : What thoughts you think, or
deeds do,
Have erstwhile had existence in the world.
Nought new can spring beneath the world-old sun !

“A public life is lined with envious foes
Who'll brand thy name, be thou as pure as snow.
The race of man is bred and trained in sin,
To care for Self and leave the rest alone.
And be assured that no man you can trust,
Though he may come with honey on his lips
And like an angel talk. His love for you
Is but to serve his selfish ends and when
You've served them he lets you slide. The chief
aim

Of men is private gain, their pleasure, lust,
Their hero-worship, the man of gold,
The prize-fighter, or champion swimmer,
Or egotistic strut. The man of brains,
The man of solid worth, died long ago.
The iron age dawned from his death, and she,
The mateless darling of romance and song,
Sweet Poesy, has ceased to sing, or sings
But broken snatches as she trails the ivy

O'er her forsaken bower. Or sits and weeps
Like a widowed maid her trust betrayed.
Or like unhappy Israel captive led,
Who hanged her harps upon the willow trees,
And wept when she remembered former things,
How that in heaven's auspicious smile she dwelt
In peace protected by God's boundless love,
From rancorous foes, a boast of freemen long,
And ate unterrified the bread of strength,
And drank the wine of joy, until, alas !
Forgetting the true God omnipotent,
She turned to senseless idols and conformed
To worship pleasing to the sons of men—
Whereat the sunshine of His love away
Was turned. Fierce Babylon came in her might,
O'er turned her altars and defied her fanes,
And changed a land of freemen into slaves !
She mourned her sad disgrace with many tears,
The long degeneracy of her race,
Her fanes o'erthrown and prophets slain !"

Ye patient stars ! How calm your faithful watch !
Eternal as the reign of Time are ye !
Untiring, uncomplaining, ye have kept
The sentinel of centuries. Have shined
On many a pilgrim student, tired, worn,
Seeking the Pierian Springs. Have shined
On ill-fated Chatterton, and poor White,
On manly Robert Burns and gentle Keats,
And all the struggling sons of genius else.
Ah ! could ye voice their lives or sing their woes
What tales of sorrow ye'd relate.—

Dark night ebbs on.
The oil within my lamp is burning low—
The light is growing dim—'twill soon be gone,
And then I will be left alone indeed !

E'en as the oil burns, the oil of life
Must be consumed—the lamp that contained it
Be lost in darkness and forgot.

Then I,
When the light of my Lamp is extinguished,
Will be—how long !—unheeding anything.
And when the daisies and the violets bloom
A few times o'er my humble grave I'll be
To earth and time as though I had not been !

II.

How calm is this September night. The winds
In far off ocean caves are laid asleep.
The zephyrs dream upon the rose's breast,
Perhaps of wanderings through delightful groves,
And dallying with the leaves where squirrels play,
And happy warblers melodize for joy ;
Then floating down to coquette with the grass
Where timorous mouse and weasel creep,
And then away to fragrant bower to kiss
The rose on Ellen's cheek as Edgar breathes
The first, fondest impassioned tale of love
Into her willing ear so near inclined,
Which sweeter is to her than the soft winds
That bore the beautiful Egyptian queen
To Cæsar's fatal coast. With folded wings
The bee in charmèd slumber sips the sweets

From the wild flower's cups. All nature sleeps.
The moon, with mildly pensive beam,
Has lit the orient. The ghost of darkness draws
Its sable curtain toward the western world,
Save where, in shades of houses and in groves,
And by the mountain's side, in deep ravines,
Dark spectres stalk, and stand in long array,
Like hateful skeletons of want and woe
With which sad sorrow haunts a fallen soul.

Pensively, a few wreath clouds float above,
Like fairy ships upon a fairy sea.
I thought them in my youth the feathery foam
Produced in cataract invisible,
Then from the dark obscure sent floating o'er
The placid bosom of Infinity,
To fairy music like a barque serene
That silent glides o'er moonlit summer sea
So slow, by breath of fairies blown it wakes
No slumbering wave and not a ripple makes.

How often when a child I dreamed away
Whole days, reclining on some moss-grown rock
In the hoar forest, soothed by the low sound
Of tinkling rills that o'er their pebbly beds
Went singing through the enchanted wood. Around
In crevices of rocks the blue-bells grew,
Hearts-ease and love-vine ; overhead the trees
Waved their various foliage ; some hid in vines
Where chattering squirrels build their leafy homes ;
Some in their strength like Titans stood alone,
Aspiring, I thought, to touch the hanging skies.

With myriad inhabitants the wood
Was teeming—things that creep and things that fly.
The snake hissed near me as it glided by,
The lizzard stared me in the face. I felt
No fear, but deemed them in my boyish mind
As harmless as I thought them beautiful.
For I was then untutored in the world
And dreamed of harm and evil as too far
Removed to reach me in my happy home.

There oft I read heroic deeds of old,
As I reclined beneath some massive oak ;
Read of those mighty men whose words and deeds
Have ruled the world and shaped its destiny.
How my young heart in ardor burned
To imitate their virtue and their deeds !

'Twas then that Nature opened wide her doors,
And all her treasures were revealed to me.
Then aspiration came and strong ambition,
And life was made anew. New springs of thought
Flowed from unsuspected source.

The wildwood was transformed into the world,
And men and destinies before me passed.
A longing came upon me to outstrip
Them all and stand the foremost in the march
Of learning and of wisdom. I left the wood
And gave my life to thought and study.

I saw the great world before me expand
From the wildwood around my boyhood's home
To a vast universe upheld in space

By some great law unseen to which the stars
And planets with attendant satellites,
And loyal comets as they passed paid homage.

I saw the world with thinkers thronged, profound
In learning and in wisdom, but I thought :
My Will shall be my power ! I'll leave them all,
And in wisdom and learning dwell alone !

But with broadening intelligence there came
The clash of giant intellect of schools,
And vain philosophies and false appeared.

The world I deemed so beautiful and fair
Was transformed into a vast area now
Where spirits foul with spirits just contend.
Men, my boyish fancy saw happy all,
Were rent with strange disquiet and unrest,
And fiercely sought in speculation vain
To found some human hope whereon to rest.
Their nights were troubled and their days were full
Of discontent. The fabled one of old
From more relentless furies did not flee
Weeping and praying for rest from age to age
Than they from thought to thought did ever turn.

I saw Christ's ministers in learning versed
Swayed by opposing creeds unsheath their swords
And fight to death o'er minor points of faith,
Professing love, yet striking deadly blows,
And alertly feeling some vital point
To give a homethrust. Yet, e'en as they fight

A cry of want from many a lip ascends,
And many, yea, many a poor goes hungering,
And many a sweet maid goes the way of death—
Yet, they fight on fiercer than angry bulls !

And is this, then, thought I, the work of love ?
And these, are they Christ's loving ministers ?
Or is His but a hollow faith like those
Of old that ruled the world when Egypt reigned,
Or Persian fires were flaming from the hills,
Or Jupiter sat on his throne and shook
The earth with terror ? And shall the time come
When He too, shall sigh amid His ruined fanes
And sit in cheerless desolation there,
Recalling as a dream the loveliest faith
That ever cheered a dying soul and lit
The dark sad world with hope for those behind ?
The infidel made answer that it would.

Then, too, I saw the statesmen of the world
Divide over policies of state,
The fawning sycophants of party rule,
To whom party behest meant more
Than all demands of suffering countrymen.
The law's inequalities and the law's
Injustices alike effected not.
Base ingrates were they all save when at times
Some happy chance for once linked party good
With patriot needs and raised to justice some.

And so it was wherever learning sat.
I found no sure unquestioned knowledge still,
But all a-groping in the silent dark,
Yet, all professing light. That I felt faint,

Amid a wilderness of creeds and doubt
And halted by the way small wonder is,
I stand to-night enfolded in the dark.

I think of those who lived before I came,
Whose golden words rung music in my soul,
And thrilled with glory every trembling chord !

I feel as one who having heard a song,
Must hear it in his heart for evermore,
And never, never rest by day or night,
'Till he the song can to its singer trace !— *

* This poem is unfinished. It will be continued in a future edition of Mr. Turner's verse.

THE OLD NORSE KING.

AN old Norse King, one stormy night
Sat in thought by his council fire,
Of his stormy past and his arms of might,
His shortening years and failing sight,
And his heart grew sad with intense desire.

Darker than Egypt was the night,
And the wind blew with a hollow sound :
The inner hall was made more bright
By the darkness without ; the light
Filled the hall's recesses around.

The tempest madly raged without,
And tossed the grandest trees in its might—
As soldiers storm a strong redoubt,
And beat against the walls and shout,
So it beat the King's great hall that night.

Such is the night as by his fire
The storm King talks with his councilors
Of human life and its desires
Its destiny and passion fire—
And the thought of each in turn he hears.

But while they talk a sound is heard
And fluttering, from the wind and rain
In at the window comes a bird,
Circles o'er head, and is unheard,
For it flies through the window again.

“ Such,” said the King, “ is the life of man—
 Out of the darkness into the light,
Through the light into darkness again—
Lost in the storm and chaos amain—
 Lost in the dark, tempestuous night !”

“ Aye,” said a courtier bent with years,
 And the light in his old eyes was fond
And they glistened with unshed tears—
“ Aye, the bird’s flight a lesson bears,
 For the bird has a nest beyond !”

THE SECOND MEETING.

WE met once more. I'll not forget
'Till life's last evening's sun has set
The pleasure and the pure delight
Tingling my nerves at her dear sight !

I'll not forget a charming drive
We took one perfect eve. Alive
With golden-winged joys the hours
Sped to embrace the heavenly powers.

A soft hope dawned in my heart, faint
But pure and beautiful as a saint,
And life was sweet, so sweet ! ah, me !
How sweet the love of hope may be !

We parted, but I see her yet
Standing at the door, and I get
Forever in my heart her fair
Picture as she stood there.

'Twill still be fresh when years are gone
No matter what dark days may dawn,
And it will serve to sweeten life,
And soften care, and lessen strife.

I wonder shall we meet again ?
And joy be sweet as joy hath been ?
I know not, but this, this I know,
Earth will be sweet where she doth go !

EGOTISM.

WHEN a man begins to think I am wise,—
Wiser than all my neighbors by far !
And his egotism shines like a star,
You may safely aver that man thinks lies.

TO A CROAKER.

OH, you everlasting croaker
In the dank and dripping bog !
Do not think because you croak so
All the world's a-fog !

Do not think because you stay there
In your ugly slimy hide,
All the world is likewise loathsome,
Fitting only to deride !

Do not think there is no beauty,
And no virtue anywhere,
Because you prophecy of evil,
With a sanctimonious air !

Just because your life is evil,
Is the rest a fraud ?
How you croak and croak forever !
Finding nothing to applaud !

Out upon your evil omens !
And your skeptic mind !
I've no patience with your croakings !
I've no humor with your kind !

LIFE'S BREVITY.

THERE are many people who sit
Ever wearily complaining
That the hours of this life do flit
With such a short remaining.
They sigh its lack of sweetness,
They mourn its incompleteness,
Thy wail its certain fleetness,
Yet sit with folded hands,
And such dark looks upon their faces,
And frowning brows, grief's horrid traces,
That men shun them in all places,
As pestilential lands.

And there are those that go to work
With patient hands and willing,
That never swerve aside or shirk,
But are life's mission filling.
To them the birds are sweetly singing,
For them the rarest flowers are springing,
And life to them reward is bringing,
And gives them happiness.
They take no time to think of sorrow,—
Ever of grief refuse to borrow,
And look with joy unto the morrow,
And thus their lives they bless.

And while one walks in gloom and pain
The other walks in pleasure,
And singeth e'en a glad refrain—
Contentment is a treasure !
To one this life is cheerless dreary,
Its joy to him's obscure and bleary ;
Through life he goes unblest and weary,—
To one this life is real.
He makes it so by patient doing,
With earnest efforts truth pursuing ;
Each day his strength he is renewing
In quest of the Ideal.

THE REBUKE.

I ASKED my love one day when I was sad
And grief lay heavily upon my heart,
Why it should be when all the world was glad
That I must live unfriended and apart.

Her gentle eyes to mine upturning smiled,
As she replied in tones of soft rebuke,
“Dear wouldst thou to the world be reconciled?
Have it love thee! Take off that haughty look,

“And from thy lip, cold misanthropic scorn;
Send not away those who thy friends would be,
Though e’er so homely. Do this, and friends are
born
Out of life’s desolate grief to thee.”

And here her words sung in their sweet reprove,
“Wouldst have others love thee? Then learn to
love!”

SONG.

WHEN favoring fortune droops her head,
When hope's fair flowers are withered dead,
Despair above us burst,
What can we do but smile at fate,
And stand with sturdy heart elate,
And bid him do his worst !

Then while we may let's laugh and sing !
While joy flits by on wanton wing,
And mirth trips laughing by !
Fill high the glass with wine that glows !
Another day may bring us woes,
And tears bedim each eye !

SONG.

How shall I woo my handsome Bess?

What message shall I send her,
That it may be like her own self,
As gentle like and tender?

Say, shall it be in courtier phrase
Set off with words of learning?
Or shall it be the rustic's own,
So fond, so true, so yearning?

It can not be the courtier phrase,
With gallant words all laden,
For I am but a country swain,
And she a country maiden.

She'd be with a distrustful eye,
High sounding words discerning,
And God forbid a rustic lad
Should ape the ways of learning.

When wild birds go to woo their mates
They go right sweetly singing
The simple songs by nature taught
Till wood and field are ringing.

So I shall woo my gentle Bess
In simple words sincerely,
For only they can tell how true
I love her, and how dearly!

INVOCATION.

LITTLE sweetheart, live with me
On the prairie wide and free.
Birds and flowers and humming bees
Whisper to the heart at ease.

Wild herds feed upon the plains,
And contentment truly reigns.
Rove with me down sloping hills
By the babling, sparkling rills.

When fond Luna from on high
With her glory fills the sky,
And the earth and air below,
I am lonely, full of woe.

The world without thee, dear, is dark !
Oh, my love, thou art the spark,
Can illumine my life, so drear,—
Sweet, my sunshine, be thou near !

Live with me, and in yon bower,
When the silvery moonbeams lower,
We will listen to the swell
Of the things sweet love doth tell.

How his soft eyes sparkle bright
In the clear and deep moonlight,
When he gently 'gins to tell
Words that make the bosom swell.

Then, sweetheart, why need delay,
Keep you from this spot away?
Here I sit and pine for thee,
And the hours pass wearily !

Haste, oh haste, and quickly come,
Bringing sunshine to my home,
Bringing smiles and winsome ways
To while away these weary days !

Oh, I love you as my life !
Linger not my heart's true wife !
Linger not but come to me
On the prairie wide and free!

JUSTICE.

THOUGH all men talk of justice, who is just?
Justice? It is a theme of song and verse—
It is a thing the lawyers conjure with,
And take around to win all sorts of cases—
It is the statesman's plea—the soldier's boast—
It is the priest's absolvent and his scourge,
And freely used to terrify or soothe,—
In short, 'tis used by all men for all things.

A mere May-day spectacle, in truth.
For who, though justice claiming for himself
Grants it unqualifiedly to all?
Justice in abstract wins regard from all ;
But let some deed be done ; then face to face
Bring justice and the culprit—let him see
The awful lightning of her angry eye !
How fares he then? How standeth the ordeal?
Shrinks he not back into his coward self?
Sues he not prone abjectly at her feet?

I heard this thing, or dreamed I heard it once—
There was a man born to be just. He came
Unheralded ; assumed his place on earth ;
Played all unconsciously his ordered part ;
Lived seemingly as other men and drank
From the same fount of joy or woe as they.
In childhood he with other children played,
Shouted as loud and romped as wild as they,

But in the quarrels children frequent have
He judged with justice every little thing.
Was there some mischief? He the guilty named ;
All offenses he always justly judged.
And when in time he grew to man's estate
His perfect eye detected every wrong.
When neighbors wrangling o'er some vexing point
Rushed stubbornly to law to get what each
Denied the other yet claimed himself,
He was a witness oft in great demand,
And justice dealt with such a balanced mind
That each oft interrupting cried "Hear! hear!"
Yet oft as lustily abused and jeered!
And what thought the world of him? As a child
He was hated as a meddling, spying fool.—
As a man, unfaithful to friend or foe,
Uncertain save in sure uncertainty
He was as apt to strike a friend as foe
And with as fatal hurt—sure to no cause,
As the world saw it, he pursued his way,
No sect or party called him its very own.
And so he was a man condemned of all—
Suspected—despised and all but outlawed.
He felt the sting of undeserved scorn,
Yet patiently and meekly bore his lot,—
His modest merit should have won all hearts,
But no, he was, alas! decried of all,
And passed from earth without a single friend.

So Heaven decreed the times were not yet ripe,
When man incarnate could be just and live.

ACTION.

LADDIE, if thou wouldst be great,
Never dally ! Never wait !

Lo, the ever-busy Fates
Quickly spin life's little thread !

He is lost who trusting waits
Favoring days a light to shed.

Action is the talisman
That from Lethe's angry waves
Many a struggling hero saves,
While inaction's listless ban
Many a youth and many a man
Daily gives Lethean graves.

THE MOONLIGHT.

THE soft moonlight is on the hills
And 'mong the clouds 'tis creeping ;
Its floating down the sparkling rills ;
Between the leaves 'tis peeping.

The zephyrs ride upon its beams
As through the air they're streaming,—
So light they float along it seems
As if the world was dreaming.

BESSIE.

Oh, Bessie, sweet Bessie, come sit here beside me,
And list to my song of devotion !
Oh, there's not a girl in the wide world beside thee,
That so stirs my heart with emotion !
Oh, the stars how they tremble and dimple and shine
In ecstasy, darling, above you !
And my heart like the stars is just glowing divine—
Oh, Bessie, sweet Bessie, I love you !

Oh, the flowers below, how they rustle and glow,
And lean to the zephyr's caresses !
How the mocking bird sings till the whole garden
rings,
And this place is an Eden of blisses ;
Oh, the birds and flowers and stars as they shine,
And angels in heaven above you,
Are in tune like my heart, and all singing divine,
Oh, Bessie, sweet Bessie, I love you !

THE MEMORY OF THEE.

THE memory of thee is a garden where
Grow odorous fancies delicate, rare.
Some fresh as the rose just bursting its bloom,
Some rich as magnolia's tender perfume.
And I love, how I love to linger there,
And inhale the fragrance of that pure air
And feel its soft breezes kissing my cheek
With fond caresses too tender to speak,
Raising my spirits from this world of care
To thy glorious self where all pleasures are !

I've gazed on beautiful gardens of earth
Where the finest fancies of Flora had birth ;
I've seen the wild beauty of sylvan scene,
And the fringed rivulet and the valley green ;
I've seen them at night when the moon's mild beam
Shone over the earth like an angel's dream ;
I've seen them at dawn when the fresh sun came
Kissing the dewdrops with his glance of flame ;
But I've never seen in the world of bliss
A place one-half so tempting as this !

Oh, I often think in a tender way,
As farther and farther from thee I stray,
How beautiful this lonely world might be
If I might but wander through it with thee !

Yea, oft as 'mong strangers afar I roam,
And sigh for the tender endearments of home,
The thought of thee flashes sweet on my mind
Cheering the lone life thy being refined,
And rousing the long sleeping fancies there
To raptures of joy from thoughts of despair.

Oh, beautiful girl, must I wander on
Through the heedless world unloved and alone,
And no loving angel walk with me here
To share in my joy—my sorrow to cheer?
I know not,—but wherever my footsteps stray
Thy sunlight of joy shall around me play,
And fragrant thoughts from thy garden of love
Be wafted to me wherever I rove,
For the memory of thee is a garden where
Grow odorous fancies delicate, rare !

MOONLIGHT ON SAN MARCUS.

MOONLIGHT on San Marcus ! and the glint
Of silver shadows nodding underneath !
Of fern and cacti and of lily leaf,
In many a garland wove and fancy wreath !
I lean across my boat and peer below.
The full moon shines gloriously o'erhead;
And I see tints of rainbow colors here
As if the gnomes had sown the river bed.

I see such beauty as the eye may see
In the famed splendor-haunted Orient !
I look to hear the silken rustling robes
Of some grand princess all on pleasure bent !
I look to hear the golden harmony
Of joys peopling the treasure-haunted stream !
I strain my ears and eyes ! my soul aroused
Is all athrill as at some happy dream !

A sheen of glory trembles on the hills
That twine around the silver-shadowed stream—
I think joy should be perfect in such place—
There should be nothing lacking to the dream!
Yet there is something missing in my joy—
Whose absence makes it incomplete.
A thought of thee comes with a happy joy !
It is thy presence that is lacking, sweet !

Wert thou but with me I could wish the night
Might with such bliss extend or end forever !
For it would be without a single blight,
As full of joy as love is of endeavor !
Thee absent all earth's charms soon lapse and fail,
The loveliest things can't long attractive be !
For, oh, my heart so partial is to thee,
Thou art the world, and all the world to me !

KATIE'S GRAVE.

THE grass is green where Katie lies sleeping,
There the flowers are springing to-day,
Tall trees stand around in which squirrels are
leaping,
There birds are singing cheerful and gay.
Nature is wearing her loveliest dress,
And all things kindly banish distress.

Such is the spot where Katie lies sleeping,
And 'tis meet for a spirit like hers,
There are no signs of sorrow or weeping,
Only a tender thought that avers
How calm and tranquil here is her rest.
I think thus to calmly sleep is blest !

DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

WHEN Columbus unfurled his ship to the breeze
Lone Freedom looked out from her clime in the
West.

She saw the lone ship on the dark stormy seas,—
The sad load that lay on the mariner's breast.
And she let her eyes glance to the lands he was
leaving,

Where people lay groaning 'neath tyranny's chain,
And sadly she turned her eyes from it grieving,
And sighed for the valor that faded, in vain.

The reign of dark ages degraded the world,
And vile superstition the nations long bound.
Fair Science and Art to the dust had been hurled,
For barbarous tribes ruled the nations around.
Peace and love took their flight from earth weeping,
And the angel of darkness was hovering round.
Fell rite upon rite, all dark, he was heaping—
His power was felt to earth's uttermost bound.

Then Freedom called to the voyager lone,
And gave him her beautiful clime in the West,
Saying: "I've seen your distress and heard your
moan,
Here earth's persecuted millions shall rest!"

Oh, the rapture that leaped from the mariner's
breast

When the fresh green land burst forth on his
sight !

What visions of joy—hope for the opprest,
Were his in that dawn of Liberty's light !

A THOUGHT OF HAPPINESS.

THERE is a saying, and 'tis truly wise,
That as man pursues happiness it flies.
Happiness is a nymph as fair to view
As the sunbeams that court the morning dew,
And man pursues her e'er with wistful eye,
Yet e'er before him sees her lightly fly,
And as he grows more eager in the chase,
She speeds away triumphant in the race
And leaves her vain pursuer far behind,
To lonely thoughts and disappointed mind.

Or if she's caught, how vain was all his pain !
The next moment will see her gone again.
Or like the butterfly chased by cruel boys,
The fly is grasped—the grasp its life destroys.
Man spends his days discussing lofty themes,
But seldom lives to realize his dreams.
His restless soul forever spurs him on
In search of that which every one should own,
Till life is past, and then in great distress
He dies a stranger still to happiness.

Poor man ! robbing himself of life's best years,
To die in disappointment and in tears,
When happiness would linger by his side
If he would wed contentment for his bride.
As long as you may search for happiness

That long your hope is open to distress.
Let happiness alone, be to your duty true,
And my word for it she will come to you.
Then worry not, be at no thought or pain,
For that which comes of its own self amain.



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